

ALL 12 STORIES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL IN THIS ISSUE  
Plus: Captain's Childhood

# CAPTAIN MARVEL

ADVENTURES

10¢



By Gardner  
LARRY BROWN, JR.  
and the artists  
of **DC COMICS**

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LEASE WESTERN • THE MARVEL JAMMY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS • WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LAKE WESTERN • HYDRA THE JUNGLE KING • GARRETT HARRIS WESTERN • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • NARRATIVE COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONSIEUR HAIT WESTERN • HOPALDING GARDNER • BOB CAMPBELL WESTERN • BILL BOYS WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • JIMMY BRUNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of entertainment material.



# CAPTAIN MARVEL

## FIGHTS THE HISTORY HOAX



"THIS NEW WORLD IS OURS, MEN! WE'VE BEATEN THAT BOB, COLUMBUS, BY TWO YEARS IN DISCOVERING IT!"

"HOY HOY! THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING UPSET IN HISTORY!"

"AVE, SIR CHRISTOPHER!"

Whenever Billy Batson utters the word "SHAZAM" he is miraculously changed into powerful Captain Marvel, the world's mightiest mortal and possessor of the powers of 60 of the mightiest heroes of all time!



ONE OF BILLY BATSON'S JOBS AT RADIO STATION WHIZ IS THAT OF MASTER OF CEREMONIES ON A QUIZ PROGRAM!



"WHEN WAS THE NORTH POLE DISCOVERED, SIR CHRISTOPHER HUDSON? BEING AN EXPLORER, YOU DASH TO KNOW THAT!"

"WELL, ON MAY 4, 1902!"

WRITTEN HISTORY TELLS US THAT COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA — BUT COMMANDER PEARLY FIRST REACHED THE NORTH POLE! BUT WHAT IF HISTORY IS WRONG? WHAT IF THE TRUE DISCOVERER IN EACH CASE WAS AN UNKNOWN EXPLORER NAMED — SIR CHRISTOPHER HUDSON? CAPTAIN MARVEL GOES ON AN ASTONISHING QUEST INTO THE PAST TO PROVE HISTORY IS NOT WRONG!



SORRY, YOU'RE  
WRONG!  
COMMANDER  
PEARY FIRST  
REACHED THE  
NORTH POLE  
ON APRIL 6,  
1909!

NO! IT IS YOU  
WHO ARE WRONG!  
I TELL YOU, THE  
NORTH POLE WAS  
DISCOVERED IN  
1902-- BY  
ME!



DR. HUXLEY STARTLED AT  
THE AMAZING STATEMENT!

WHAT?  
YOU WERE  
AT THE  
POLE  
SEVEN  
YEARS  
BEFORE  
PEARY?  
BUT  
RECORDS  
SHOW  
THAT--

RECORDS? BAN!  
I CALLED THE  
DATE ON A ROCK  
AT THE NORTH  
POLE IN 1902!  
IT'S PROBABLY  
BLAZED UNDER  
THE ICE!

BUT I WAS THERE FIRST!  
I, SIR CHRISTOPHER HUDSON!  
NOBODY HAS BELIEVED MY  
CLAIM, SO I GOT ON THIS CBS  
PROGRAM TO TELL THE WORLD  
THE TRUTH! AND NOT ONLY  
DID I DISCOVER THE NORTH  
POLE, BUT I MADE ALL THE  
OTHER IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES  
IN HISTORY! TOO!



LOOK! I AM THE GREATEST EXPLORER  
OF ALL HISTORY! YES, I DISCOVERED  
AMERICA, TOO-- AHEAD OF  
COLUMBUS!

NORTH POLE  
DISCOVERED BY *Robert Peary*  
IN CHRISTOPHER  
HUDSON, 1902

CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH  
STARTED BY *Jesse W. Wintell*  
IN CHRISTOPHER  
HUDSON, 1847!

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA  
BY *Christopher Columbus*  
HUDSON, 1492!



SO! WOLEY! HE'S A CROOKPOT!  
IF HE DISCOVERED AMERICA,  
HE WOULD HAVE TO BE OVER FIVE  
HUNDRED YEARS OLD! THAT  
SHOWS HE'S ALL AWAYSE  
MENTALLY!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL THINKING! BUT YOU SEE,  
I AM FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD! I WAS BORN  
IN 1450! WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I  
FOUND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,  
SO I'VE KEPT ON LIVING AND MAKING  
ALL THOSE GREAT DISCOVERIES  
SINCE!



BUT  
WHAT  
REAL  
PROOF  
HAVE  
YOU?

ER--UNFORTUNATELY, NONE! THAT'S  
WHY PEOPLE LAUGH AT MY CLAIMS!  
I LEFT STONE MARKERS AT  
EACH SPOT, BUT THEY MUST  
HAVE WASHED! BUT I HAVE  
ONE CHANCE LEFT--



HOURS LATER...

I'VE WAITED ALL DAY AND SIR CHRISTOPHER HASN'T SHOWN UP! WHAT—  
WHAT'S THAT?



HUSH!  
RATHER! ON  
TO THE NORTH  
POLE!



IT'S SIR  
CHRISTOPHER  
AFTER ALL!



KEEPING HIDDEN, CAPTAIN MARVEL  
WITNESSES A GREAT BUT UNKNOWN  
HISTORICAL EVENT!

I AM THE FIRST MAN  
IN HISTORY TO REACH  
THE NORTH POLE!

HOLY MOLEY!  
WHAT AN  
AMAZING HIS-  
TORICAL  
EVENT!



JUST AS CAPTAIN MARVEL IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, A  
VIOLENT STORM BREAKS OUT!

HUSH! LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE!



SUDDENLY,  
DISASTER  
STRIKES!

THE TRACES  
BEHIND THE DOGS  
ARE RUNNING  
AWAY!

HOLY MOLEY! SIR  
CHRISTOPHER IS IN FOR  
A SLOW DEATH UNLESS  
I GRAB THOSE  
DOGS!



THE WORLD'S WIGHTEST MORAL  
PERFORMS A MISSION OF MERCY,  
OVERTAKING THE RUNNING DOGS!

WHOA!  
YOU'RE LIFE AND  
DEATH TO YOUR MASTER!  
BACK YOU GO!





I'LL DO THIS SECRETLY! THE SNOW HIDES ME! NO USE TAKING ANY FROM HIS GLORY BY REVEALING MYSELF! AND AFTER ALL, HE DID DISCOVER THE NORTH POLE BY HIMSELF!



WELL, LET HIM THINK HE SOMEHOW CULBERT THE DOGS HIMSELF, WITHOUT REMEMBERING CLEARLY! NOW I CAN LEAVE!

ALIEN! NOW I'LL MAKE IT SHADY!



BUT CHRISTOPHER HUDSON IS WELL AWARE OF WHO DID THE DEED!

I SAW CAPT. IN MARVEL! I KNOW THAT WITH HIM AROUND, I WAS IN NO DANGER!



THE MOST STARTLING WORDS OF ALL NOW FALL FROM THE LIPS OF THE EXPLORER, WITH ONLY THE DEBATED WILDERNESS TO HEAR!

HAPPY! THIS IS ALL PERFECT! IT'S ALL WORKING-OUT JUST AS I PLANNED! THIS IS THE GREATEST HOAX EVER PULLED! AND CAPTAIN MARVEL IS MY DUPE, HELPING ME PUT IT OVER! WHEN I RETURN TO 1950, I'LL BE THE MOST FAMOUS MAN ON EARTH! HAHAHA!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN MARVEL IS FAR AWAY AT THE ROCK OF STRENGTH!

HOW TO TAKE THE TIME LINE BACK TO 1847-- TO SEE IF OUR CHRISTOPHER REALLY DISCOVERED GOLD IN CALIFORNIA PRIOR TO JAMES MARSHALL!



HERE'S CALIFORNIA IN 1847! DID OUR CHRISTOPHER PROSPECT HERE AND FIRST DISCOVER GOLD AHEAD OF ANYBODY ELSE?



YES, THERE HE IS AGAIN, PANNING IN THAT STREAM!



WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY? IN WHAT CUNNING WAY IS THE BODILY EXPLORER WORKING THIS MOST STEREPONDIOUS HOAX OF HISTORY?

WHAT ARE THE MISSING PIECES OF THE PUZZLE THAT ARE UNKNOWN TO CAPTAIN MARVEL OR ANYONE?

CAPTAIN MARVEL CONTINUES HIS CHECK-UP THROUGH TIME!

ONE MORE CHECK! (BACK TO 1492 / IF I FIND SIR CHRISTOPHER THERE I'LL KNOW HE IS REALLY FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND THE TRUE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA!



SURE ENOUGH, BACK IN THE YEAR 1492, ON THE SHORES OF AN UNDISCOVERED AMERICA...



I, SIR CHRISTOPHER HUDSON, HAVE FIRST DISCOVERED THIS NEW WORLD!

HOLY MOLEY! POOR COLUMBUS WON'T ARRIVE FOR ANOTHER TWO YEARS! WHEN I RETURN TO 1950, I'LL HAVE THE SAD DUTY OF STRIKING THE ILLUSTRIOUS NAME OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS FROM THE RECORDS AND GIVING THE CREDIT TO SIR CHRISTOPHER HUDSON!



SIR CHRISTOPHER IS IN NO DANGER THIS TIME / THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY, JUST AS THEY WERE TO COLUMBUS!



BUT AGAIN DANGER THREATENS!

HOLY MOLEY! THE NATIVES MAY BE FRIENDLY, BUT THAT ALLIGATOR ISN'T!



HOW ABOUT TAKING A SHORT NAP, MR. GAYOR? THIS TIME I CAN'T KEEP SIR CHRISTOPHER FROM SEEMING RE, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW! HE HAS FULLY PROVEN HIS CLAIMS!









BUT YOU WON'T GIVE ME AWAY, BRAT? I'LL FIX YOU!

SHAZ...  
ZORRO!



WHEN BILLY COMES TO AGAIN -

WANT TO KNOW HOW I MISSED IT, BEFORE YOU DIE? I MISSED THIS TIME BECAUSE WHICH I STOLE FROM A SCIENTIST IN ORDER TO PUT AROUND MY GIANTIC HOAX!



IN 1950 I WAS ALMOST UNKNOWN AS AN EXPLORER! ALL THE GREAT DISCOVERIES HAD ALREADY BEEN MADE! BUT WITH THE TIME SHIP IT WAS SIMPLE FOR ME TO COME BACK HERE IN THE EAST AND BEAT COLUMBUS TO AMERICA --AND READY TO THE POLE!



BUT I NEEDED A GOOD WIFE, NESS! THAT'S WHY CAPTAIN MARVEL CAME IN! I WENT INTO THE WEST, ACTED OUT MY FAVOR "DISCOVERIES" --AND USED CAPTAIN MARVEL AS MY "WIFE"! HIS WORD IS AS GOOD AS GOLD!



NOW THAT I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING, I'LL LEAVE YOU TO DROWN BACK HERE IN 1950, WHILE I GO TO 1952 TO REAP FAME AND FORTUNE!

BULP!



I'M REALLY SUNK THIS TIME! I WON'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO DROWN WITH THOSE HUNGRY ALLIGATORS AFTER ME!



BUT STRANGELY, THE FEROCIOUS ALLIGATORS OF UNDISCOVERED AMERICA TURN OUT TO BE BILLY'S SALVATION!

ROOBY! I'VE HOOKED MY OAR ON HIS SHARP TEETH!

SHAZAM!



MAGIC LIGHTNING BRINGS BACK THE WORLD'S WEIGHTEST MORTAL LIST IN TIME!

BOOM!



the more the merrier....  
**JOIN THE CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!**

**SHARON LATO**  
 Member Plus, Greenbelt, Cal.

Dear Captain Marvel:

Please enroll me as a member of the growing CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose \$5.00 (to help support the club) and the rest of membership fee. I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD, which carries the secret code, and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with other surprises.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Please do not return money if this card is not used.

Thank you very much for your help in making the CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB a reality.

Sincerely,  
 \_\_\_\_\_

SEND YOUR RESPONSE NOW!

- here's what you get...
- MAGIC MEMBERSHIP CARD
  - SECRET CODE
  - OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON



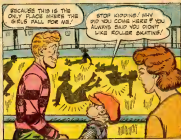


# Kid in CAR CRAZY

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO, CAPTAIN KID?

I'M TRYING TO FIND A NEW GIRL FRIEND FOR TOMORROW'S DANCE, PUDDY!

THEIR CREAM P-RODS





SO, BUT WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM!



OH, HELLO, CAPTAIN SID! I SURE DO APPRECIATE YOUR CLEANING MY CAR FOR NOTHING!

DON'T MENTION IT, MRS. WEST.



HERE ARE THE KEYS SO YOU CAN CLEAN INSIDE THE CAR, TOO! BUT REMEMBER, DON'T BRUISE THE CAR! THEY'RE SO FAST THEY TAKE A LOT OF EXPERIENCE TO HANDLE!

DON'T WORRY! I WON'T!



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A RIDE, PUDGY?

A RIDE? BUT HE JUST TOLD YOU NOT TO BRUISE THE CAR!



I TOLD YOU BEFORE... WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HIM!

BUT IT MAY HURT YOU! HE SAID THESE CARS ARE HARD TO HANDLE!



HONESTLY, I DON'T FIND THESE LITTLE THINGS ANY HARDER TO HANDLE THAN A REGULAR SIZE CAR!

OH, THEN YOU'VE OWNED A LITTLE CAR BEFORE!



NO, I NEVER DID!

BUT YOU JUST SAID YOU DON'T FIND THESE CARS ANY HARDER TO HANDLE THAN A REGULAR SIZE CAR!



WHAT? WHY LET ME OUT OF HERE!





DLFOW BLF CRPY EL YY I KEVNZME KLYZYD  
 ALB/ENB VEVLBW RM SH WZRY DLOW DSH  
 NRIXZW YB VQZKOB SSSZ UZDY ZH YEKZBRM  
 NZBYD YZSSQYW GSY GVHRYOV GELDYZXP  
 GZVLL/ RM RH RM GSY RNCB RHYF/YV HRYV  
 EL TYS RS!



# Captain MARVEL and

## THE MYTH THAT CAME TRUE



EACH MORNING, THE MAILMAN IS GREETED EXCITEDLY BY ALFRED HENNINGSWACK, A WRITER!



THAT'S THE IDEAL STORY I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT JONGS—AND NOT ONE HAS SOLD! I'M A FAILURE! THE NAME OF ALFRED HENNING-WHEEY, AS A WRITER, IS UTTERLY UNKNOWN! I'LL NEVER BE FAMOUS!



MY GREAT FICTIONAL DETECTIVE IS ALMOST REAL TO ME! I'VE EVEN SKETCHED HOW HE WOULD LOOK! IF ONLY HE COULD SOMEHOW COME TO LIFE, AND...



THE ASPIRING WRITER IS STRUCK BY A STAGGERING IDEA!

WAIT! WHAT IF PEOPLE BELIEVED IN HIM? WHAT IF THEY WERE TOLD HE IS REAL? IF MY MYTHICAL JONGS CAME INTO EXISTENCE, BY FORTUNE WOULD BE MADE! AND I KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT! NOW! THIS IS SENSATIONAL!



THE NEXT DAY AT STATION WHIZ, IN THE OFFICE OF BILLY BATHON, BOY NEWSCASTER...



JONG, THE HUMAN BLOODHOUND OF TIBET, IS COMING TO VISIT AMERICA!

JONG? WHO'S HE? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!



OH, YOU'RE A WRITER! YOU'VE WRITTEN STORIES ABOUT JONGS, AN ORIENTAL DETECTIVE!

BUT THE STORIES ARE REAL, BILLY! THEY ARE TRUE CASES SOLVED BY JONG! HE EXISTS! AND HE'S COMING TO VISIT AMERICA!



READ THIS LETTER I JUST RECEIVED FROM JONG HIMSELF!

SAY, THIS IS NEWS!

*Dear Alfred Henning-Wheey,*  
 For long years I have sent only you the true facts about my cases here! I have traveled across all over the world except on America! Now I will visit your land! I will arrive on the 5th Instant!  
 Cordially,  
 Jong



ANY GREAT FOREIGN DETECTIVE IS WELCOME IN AMERICA! I'LL BROADCAST HIS ARRIVAL!

THANKS, BILLY! AND READ THOSE STORIES ABOUT HIM! YOU WILL THEN REALIZE THAT JONGS IS THE GREATEST LIVING DETECTIVE!

LATER, UNAWARE OF THE TRICK PLAYED ON HIM, BILLY OWES HIS NEWS BROADCAST

ON THE AIR

FLASH! JONG, THE ORIENTAL DETECTIVE, IS VISITING AMERICA! JONG HAS BROKEN UP CRIME BUNDS AND HOUNDED CRIMINALS ALL OVER EARTH! ACCORDING TO REPORTS I'VE READ, HE IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE GREATEST DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD!



AND IN HIS ROOM, ALFRED HENNINGSWHEY GLOATS OVER HIS CLEVER CAMPAIGN TO BRING A MYTHICAL CHARACTER TO LIFE!

JONG WILL ARRIVE ON THE SS INDIA TOMORROW!

PERFECT! MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WILL HEAR THIS -- AND WILL THINK JONG REALLY EXISTS! HE WILL COME TO LIFE -- IN THE MINDS OF PEOPLE!



AND ALREADY THE BUSK WORKS FOR IN THE HIDE-OUT OF REAPER REGAN, NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL MASTERMIND

JONG IS SO MYSTERIOUS AND CUNNING THAT NO CRIMINAL CAN WATCH WITH HIM! JONG WILL NO DOUBT GO RIGHT AFTER THE BIGGEST CRIMINAL MASTERMIND IN THE CITY!

THAT'S ME -- REAPER REGAN! SO JONG MIGHT BE AFTER ME 'O BAH!



RUBBED OUT BY REAPER, REGAN

COPS	5
DETECTIVES	8
REVAL CROOKS	11
MISC.	16

I'LL DO HIM TO MY LIST RIGHT AWAY! THIS JONG WON'T EVEN GET STARTED! HE'LL MEET THE BOAT TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY, AS THE SS INDIA DOCKS

WHERE IS JONG? IS HE DELAYED?

I'LL GO SEE BILLY! ONLY I KNOW HIM BY SIGHT!



THIS IS THE BEST PART OF MY SCHEME! THERE'S NO JONG ON THIS SHIP, OF COURSE! BUT WITH THIS CAUSE FACE ON -- I AM JONG!



HELLO, PLEASE! MY NAME IS JONG! PERHAPS YOU HAVE HEARD OF THIS HUNBLE PERSONAGE?

WE SURE HAVE! WELCOME TO AMERICA, MR. JONG! IF YOU CAN TRACK DOWN AND CRACK UP CRIMINALS, YOU'RE DOUBLY WELCOME!





MOST PLEASED! THIS WORTHLESS SOUL, AIDED BY FATE, HAS CAUGHT 128 MASTER CRIMINALS! NO EVIL-DOER CAN MATCH WITS WITH ME! NECESSARY ROBBERIES MY SAYING MORE! MY CASES HAVE ALL BEEN WRITTEN UP BY THAT GREAT AMERICAN WRITER ALFRED HENNINGWAY!



BUT REAPER REGAN IS ALSO AT THE SCENE!

DUDE BOYS! SHOVE OVER THE CRATE! JOHN IS A DEAD DUCK!



UTTERS THAT MYSTIC NAME, BILLY WASHES UNDER A BLINDING FLASH OF MAJIC LIGHTNING!



AND IN HIS PLACE APPEARS CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S NIGHTIEST MORTAL!

JUST IN TIME, JOHN! BUT SOMEBODY DELIBERATELY PUSHED THAT CRATE OVER ON YOU!

CRASH!



HOLY MOLEY! IT WAS REAPER REGAN THE CITY'S MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL! ILL AND DEAD!



BUT REAPER REGAN, WELL PRACTICED IN SWAGING THE LAW, HAS AN EVIL BRAIN OF LIGHTNING RAPIDITY, AND...

I'LL LET THOSE CRIMINALS OUT! CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN HAVE FUN WITH THEM!



HOLY MOLEY! AND OCEANS! THEIR BIG IS DEATH! I'VE GOT TO LET THAT HUMAN SNAKE GO, AND ROUND UP THESE REPTILES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



REAPER REGAN GOT AWAY! BUT YOU, JONG, THE HUMAN BLOODHOUND, WILL TRACK HIM AND— HOLY MOLEY! WHAT'S BEING WITH YOUR FACE?



A RUBBER MASK! YOU'RE A FRAUD! YOU'RE ALFRED HENNINGWAY, PLAYING THE PART OF JONG! THEY-- THEY JONG DOESN'T EXIST AT ALL! ANSWER ME!

UH-- UH-- OH GOD! I'M EXPOSED!



I'LL CONFESS! JONG IS JUST A MYTH IN MY REJECTED STORIES! I THOUGHT I COULD PULL THIS BIG HOAX AND MAKE HIM SEEM REAL, AND THEN MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF!

WHY, YOU CHEAT! YOU SH-POSTER! OF ALL THE SONY THINGS TO PULL ON BILLY BATSON AND HIS LISTENERS!



YOU'RE GOING TO STATION WARE, TO CONFESS YOUR SHAMEFUL SCHEMING OVER THE AIR! DRAWING FAME BY TRICKERY LIKE THAT IS DISGUSTING!



YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN MARVEL! I'LL TELL ALL! HOW JONG, THE HUMAN BLOODHOUND, THE GREATEST DETECTIVE ON EARTH, IS JUST A ROMANT OF MY IMAGINATION! THE ONLY CROOKS WHO EVER TREMBLED AT HIS NAME ARE THOSE IN MY STORIES!



WAIT! THAT'S IT!



YOU SAID THE ONLY CROOKS WHO TREMBLED AT THE NAME OF JONG WERE IN STORIES! BUT WHAT OF REAPER REGAN? HE'S A REAL CROOK! AND HE SWALLOWED YOUR HOAX, HOOK LINE AND SINKER! YOUR TRICK TURNED OUT GOOD!

YOU MEAN--



YES! JONG IS GOING TO STAY 'ALIVE'! REAPER REGAN BELIEVES IN HIM, AND THROUGH THAT, HE CAN BE TRAPPED! WE'LL GET YOU A NEW MASK!

RUBBER MASKS  
MADE TO ORDER  
1 HR. SERVICE



LATER, OVER WHIZ-TV  
POLKS! JONG, THE GREAT ORIENTAL DETECTIVE, HAS DECIDED WHICH BIG CRIMINAL HE WILL CATCH FIRST! HE HAS CHOSEN REAPER REGAN! TONIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, JONG WILL HAUNT THE EAST SIDE, LIKE A HUMAN BLOOD-ROUND!

AND BY DAWN, THIS HUMBLE PERSON WILL RETURN WITH REGAN IN HANDCUFFS!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR TOLLS THROUGH DARK STREETS AND DESERTED BY-WAYS, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SEEMS THE HUMAN GUNDRY!



IT IS THE HUMAN BLOODROUND, THE GREATEST DETECTIVE ON EARTH, UTTERLY FEARLESS JONG!

OH, GOLLY! WHY DID I EVER COOK UP THIS WHOLE THING? NOW I HAVE TO KEEP ON PLAYING THE PART OF JONG, TRACKING DOWN A CROOK! IF I WERE THROUGH THIS M-NIGHT, I'LL BE SO LUCKY! GULLY!



BUT BILLY SECRETLY FOLLOWS!



JONG IS ONLY THE BAIT! REAPER REGAN WILL BE AFTER HIM! CAPTAIN MARVEL'S RED SUIT IS TOO BRIGHT FOR THIS KIND OF WORK, SO I'M DOING THE TRAILING UNTIL REGAN SHOWS UP!

BUT SUDDENLY..



THAT FIGURE!  
ANYONE IT'S JONG!  
GET HIM!

GET HIM,  
BOSS!



HEY--IT'S ONLY A KID! BUT IT'S THAT BILLY BRISON WHO WAS BACKING JONG'S GOOD! I'LL ADD THIS NASTY BAIT TO MY LIST OF VICTIMS!

BUT AHEAD JONG, OR HENNING-WHEY, HAS BEEN ALL!

OMIGOSH! BILLY SAID CAPTAIN MARVEL WOULD HANDLE REAPER RIDGAN! BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL DIDN'T SHOW UP! I CAN'T LET BILLY DIE BEFORE MY EYES! WHAT SHALL I DO?



ONLY ONE THING TO DO! PLAY THE PART OF JONG TO THE HILT!

HALT! JONG HAS FOUND YOU, REAPER RIDGAN! SUBMIT, PLEASE, TO PUTTING ON OF HANDCUFFS!



WHY, THE MERVE OF YOU, YOU LITTLE BODYSNEAK! YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOT A GUN!

GUN? BILLY TON! JONG DOES NOT NEED WEAPONS! 128 MASTER CRIMINALS HAVE TRIED TO KILL JONG! ALL HAVE FAILED! WHY COULD THEY NOT SHOOT JONG?



BECAUSE CRIMINALS ALWAYS MISS WHEN SHOOTING AT JONG! SHOOT! YOU, TOO, WILL MISS!

WHY, I— YEPES! I DID MISS!



MAGIC LIGHTNING AT LAST BRINGS THE WORLD'S WIGHTEST MORAL!



CAPTAIN MARVEL CLEANS UP!

PRETTY CLEVER, HENNINGWHEY! THAT WAS STRAIGHT FROM CHAPTER SIX OF JONG'S ELEVENTH HOUR, WHERE JONG BLUFFED A CROOK INTO MISSING! JONG'S A PRETTY MERRY— RUN? HE JUST FAINTED!



LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS ARE JAILED.

WHEN? I'M SILD THAT'S OVER! I'LL NEVER AGAIN PLAY THE PART OF JONG!

OH, BUT JONG, THE HUMAN BLOODMOUND, MUST GO ON! THE WHOLE CRIMINAL UNDERGROUND BELIEVES IN HIM NOW! ONE BY ONE, JONG WILL FRIGHTEN THEM OUT OF HIDING!



AND SO THE WOULD-BE WRITER HAS GAINED THE FAME HE DESIRED— BUT NOT FOR HIMSELF AT ALL!

WE GIVE YOU— JONG! MASTER DETECTIVE! A NEW SERIES OF TRUE CRIME CASES! JONG! THE HUMAN BLOODMOUND! JONG! THE GREATEST DETECTIVE ON EARTH!

AND MY TRUE NAME, HENNINGWHEY, WILL NEVER BE KNOWN, BECAUSE JONG IS NOT A FICTIONAL CHARACTER— AS FAR AS THE UNDERWORLD KNOWS! MY PLAN WORKED TOO WELL!



# DOPEY DANNY DEE

OPERATION IDIOT!





# Captain MARVEL

## AND THE WORRYBIRD TERROR

HOLY!  
IT MUST BE  
WONDERFUL  
TO BE THE  
WORLD'S  
MIGHTIEST  
MORTAL!



READ  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL  
ADVENTURES

I'LL BET  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL HASN'T  
GOT A WORRY  
IN THE WORLD!

HOLY MOLLY!  
I CAN'T FIGURE  
OUT WHAT I'M  
SO WORRIED  
ABOUT!



GILLY BILSON, FAMOUS BOY NEWSCASTER, IS ON  
HAND TO GREET AN EXPLORER ON HIS RETURN  
FROM THE JUNGLE!

SO I LIKE TO GET  
AN INTERVIEW WITH  
ROY DROOGE! I HEAR  
HE'S BROUGHT BACK  
SOME VERY RARE  
SPECIES OF  
JUNGLE LIFE!



I'M  
SORRY! MR  
DROOGE  
CAN'T SEE  
ANYONE

HE'S TOO SICK! HE'S  
BEING TAKEN DIRECTLY  
TO THE HOSPITAL!

OHAAAA!  
OHHHHHH!  
GASP!  
MOOAAA!





WHENEVER BILLY BATSON SAYS THE NAME OF THE OLD SOGGERER, SHAZAM, HE IS ANSWERED BY A BLAST OF MAGIC LIGHTNING THAT CHANGES HIM INTO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL...

**BOOM!**









DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN! I'LL PUSH YOUR SHIP OFF THE REEF INTO CLEAR WATER!

WHAT? OH NO! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



YOU'LL RIP OUT THE BOTTOM! WE'LL ALL DROWN!

HOLY MOLEY! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!



I'VE DONE JOBS LIKE THIS DOZENS OF TIMES BEFORE! WHAT A FOOL I WAS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT DROPPING OUT THE SHIP'S BOTTOM!



SAY, I FEEL BETTER ALL OF A SUDDEN! I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT MY SHIP AT ALL!

WE WERE BOTH WORRIED ABOUT NOTHING! I'LL GET TO WORK!



WISHTY SHOVE BY CAPTAIN MARVEL LAUNCHES THE BEACHED SHIP INTO CLEAR WATER!

NOHINS TO 'EM AFTER ALL! YOU'RE CLEAR NOW!

THAT DID IT! WE'RE FREE!



THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL! WE'RE OKAY NOW!

HOLY MOLEY! THE CAGE IS EMPTY!



THE PRICE BIRD IS GONE! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR HIM!



BY THE TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL ARRIVES ON THE SCENE A FULL-FLEETED PANIC HAS DEVELOPED!



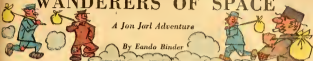
THE TREMENDOUS HAMMERS OF CAPTAIN MARVEL'S MIGHTY FISTS SOUND LIKE AN UNDERGROUND TREWOR!



# WANDERERS OF SPACE

*A Jon Jarl Adventure*

By Eando Binder



**I**T was while Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police was patrolling past the moon that he suddenly glimpsed the strange ship. Two things immediately told him that it was an unusual event. First, though motivated by normal rocket power, the ship was far larger than any space ship known in the solar system. In fact, it was no less than a mile long!

Secondly, the ship was coming in from the direction of the star Proxima Centauri, and at a blazing speed, which meant it must have been traveling in the wide open spaces between stars.

"In other words," Jon muttered to himself, "it's not just an interplanetary ship—it's an interstellar ship from another star. Are they explorers, visitors or raiders?"

The ship shot by so fast that Jon lost sight of it before he could spin his own ship and pursue. He tried radio contact, but space static ruined that. Piling on speed, and heading in the same direction, Jon sped after the alien ship, but it was not until close to Earth that he finally caught up with it.

The unknown ship was already spiraling down for a landing. It chose the great empty reaches of the Sahara Desert because there was plenty of land for settling. Jon followed closely, but cautiously, and landed his small ship behind a sand dune. He then approached on foot.

Huddling behind a sand dune, Jon saw an amazing sight unfold in the next hour. Without delay, huge doors opened in the giant ship, and its passengers swarmed out, thousands of them. Soon there was a rumble of machinery as other things were unloaded. A huge pile of boxes and crates of all shapes and sizes grew on the desert sand.

Jon gasped. "Sailing comets!" he breathed. "Why, it's exactly as if they planned to stay here, on Earth! The whole thing looks like a group of homesteaders ready to settle down for good!"

Jon debated for a moment. Should he go back to his ship and radio headquarters? Or should he approach these mysterious settlers and find

out all about them? It might be dangerous, in case they were savage and hostile beings . . .

Jon shrugged. Consumed with curiosity, he unthinkingly voted with himself to make contact with the aliens.

As he walked closer over the hot sands, Jon wondered what kind of creatures they would be. The heat haze had obscured his vision, and he could not tell, as yet. They seemed to be upright creatures on two legs. But many races on other planets had two legs—plus four arms, or two heads, or tails. What strange sort of monster would these turn out to be?

Jon stopped short, as if his breath had been knocked out. They were human beings.

"I don't get it!" Jon muttered. "A ship comes all the way from another star, trillions of miles from Earth, and the people who step out are exactly like Earth people. Did evolution produce two races of biological specimens exactly alike, on two different worlds?"

Meanwhile, Jon's approaching figures had been seen. A body of men waited grimly for him with drawn ray guns, as if uncertain whether he was friend or foe. Jon raised his arm in a peace gesture. The men relaxed.

But suddenly cries and gasps came from all their throats as they caught a full glimpse of Jon. They pointed in utter astonishment at him, as if not believing their eyes.

Jon grinned. "Just as much a shock to them, finding me to be a human being! They undoubtedly expected to see some monstrous. I think with my telepathy-translator on, I should be able to talk to them."

The ingenious telepathy-translator instantly translates any thoughts or words into any alien language, and vice versa. "Greetings!" said Jon. "You are visitors from Proxima Centauri?"

"Yes" nodded one man, stepping forward. He was blonde and tall. "But—but how can you people of this planet be so much like us?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing," Jon grinned. "I guess it's got us both stumped. Must be just that evolution worked the same



on both our worlds, producing similar life forms. But the big question is—what are you doing on our world?"

The man hesitated, glancing worriedly at his companions. But then he squared his shoulders and faced Jon, half defiantly, half pleadingly. "We have come to live on your world!" he said. His face went sad and grim. "Our home world, a planet revolving around Proxima Centauri, just exploded! All the rest of our people died, millions of them. It was horrible! Only a few thousand of us had enough warning of the coming disaster to escape in this ship. We came to your sun and planets because they are the closest to us. And we pecked Earth because it looks so much like our . . . our home world."

Jon was instantly sympathetic, seeing the deep horror in their eyes. They had seen their whole world burst into extinction behind them. They had been wandering through space for a long time, seeking a new home, not knowing if they would ever find one. And now . . .

The man's face was pitifully eager. "Can we stay on your world—please? All we ask is this desert to live in. Our science can transform the hot sands into a cool oasis. We won't bother your people. We just want this little spot to live in. Can we . . . stay?"

Jon wanted to say yes. He wanted to shout h, and welcome these homeless wanderers of space. But he knew it would not be that easy. It was not for him to decide. The matter would have to be presented to the Earth Federation Government for their official sanction.

Jon went back to his ship and redoubled headquarters. Within an hour a rocket ship landed and a grim-faced man stepped out. He appeared to be the official sent by the Federation, but Jon wondered why he wore such a cold expression. Jon soon found out as the official spoke in a harsh voice.

"The Earth Federation is sorry, but it cannot allow any unauthorized people from another star to settle here on Earth. The visitors from Proxima Centauri must leave immediately!"

Jon was stunned at the heartless brutality of it. "But they have no other place to go!" he burst out. "I give you their story, how their home world was destroyed. Are you going to send them off pecking, into space again? To their death?"

The official shrugged. "I am only carrying out the Earth Federation's commands. If the visitors do not leave, our warships will come here and open fire on them!"

Jon choked and turned away, seeing argument was useless. The wanderers gave up silently, in the face of such hostility, and began pecking all the material back into their ship with hopeless faces. Jon was bitter against his

own government for its unkind decision.

"Where will you go?" he asked.

A man shrugged. "Out into space again. Fate has been cruel to us before, like this. We did not originate on Proxima Centauri, you know. Ancient records of our people indicate that we came from some other star and planet, and that world too was destroyed. The records are vague, but the land sank beneath the sea and . . ."

"What?" Jon yelled suddenly. "The land sank? This may be utterly mad, but let me see those records. Hurry!"

In the ship, a small library of books had been saved and brought along. Jon looked through ancient parchment records and gave a yelp of joy. He raced up to the official and yelled, "These people are staying! Not only have they the perfect right to stay on Earth, but they would have the right, if they wished, to send you and me away!"

The official stared dumbfounded. "What do you mean?"

"I mean they have a prior claim to Earth," Jon snapped back. "The ancestors of these people lived on Earth itself, 25,000 years ago! A great catastrophe drove them away from Earth and they migrated to Proxima Centauri. And now a great catastrophe has driven them back to their home world, without their even knowing it!"

Jon showed the records as proof, to the official—who suddenly drew a ray gun, snarling, "They're going—or else!" he rasped.

Utterly amazed for a moment, Jon recovered and drew his own ray gun swiftly. At the same time, he kicked sand up with his toe, spalling the other man's aim as he shot. Then Jon clipped him on the chin and disarmed him.

"Now talk!" Jon snapped. "You're no government official, but an impostor! I should have known. Why were you so anxious to drive these people away?"

**T**HE man was crestfallen and defeated.

"Because I just discovered a big cache of space pirate's loot here in the desert, and I wanted to cash in on it myself, instead of turning it in to the government. If these people stayed, I knew a bunch of government people would soon be here, so I tried to trick them into leaving."

Soon after, the real government ship arrived, and the officials welcomed the wanderers to stay on Earth.

Jon grinned wryly, showing the ancient records. "You know, it's we who should be asking them if we can stay! Their ancestors lived on Earth ages ago, for this is the record of—the sinking of Atlantis!"



**BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES--**

**PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE--**

**AND THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--**

**1¢**

**PEANUT FLAVOR GUM, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19106**

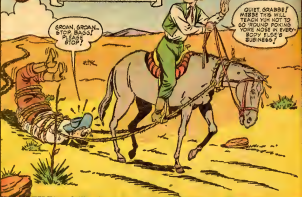


# GRABBE AND BAGG

'THE NOSY NEIGHBOR'

GRABBE, GRABBE!  
STOP BAGG!  
PLEASE  
STOP!

QUIET, GRABBE!  
MISBE THIS WILL  
TEACH YUH NOT TO  
SO 'ROUND POKING  
YORE NOSE IN EVERY  
BODY ELSE'S  
BUSINESS!



THAT'S MY NEIGHBOR, M.T. BAGG,  
RIDING BY! HE MUST BE COMING  
FROM SOMEPLACE! I WONDER  
WHAT I'VE NEVER HAPPY UNLESS  
I KNOW EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS!  
I'LL CALL HIM AND FIND OUT WHAT'S  
BEEN GOING ON!

HEY, BAGG, HOLD UP FER A SPELL!  
AREN'T YUH BEING TUH STOP AND  
TALK TUH YORE OLD FRIEND?

WUNT ON,  
KOWWOY, GRABBE!





I SEE YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP! WHAT'VE YUH BEEN?

AT MISS SALLY FRIEND'S HOUSE! TODAY'S HER BIRTHDAY!



TODAY IS MABEL'S BIRTHDAY!

THAT'S RIGHT!



HOW OLD IS MABEL?

IT'S NOT NICE TUH DISCUSS A SALS AGE, BUT I'LL GIVE YUH A HINT..... SHE'S AROUND TWENTY!



AROUND TWENTY? HUHAH, THIS MUST BE HER SECOND TIME 'ROUND!

!!



YUH DONT KNOW WHAT YU'RE TALKING 'BOUT! MABEL'S A REAL YOUNG SAL!

SWAN, SHE'S SO OLD, THE STORY THAT BROUGHT HER TO HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES!



SWAN... I'LL TEACH YUH TO SAY MISS SALS OLD!

DUH... DONT GET SORE! I WAS JUST TEASING YUH!



I KNOW THAT MABEL'S A YOUNG SAL! IT'S JUST THAT SHE HAS SO MANY WRINKLES!

HEH! SWAN, SHE HASTN'T MANY WRINKLES!



NOTH  
I JEST  
YUH I  
CO

NY PUTTING  
BLES ON THE  
GAVE HER A  
TROUBLE?



THAT'S RIGHT... EVERYTIME  
SHE PUT THE CAKE IN THE  
OVEN, THE CANDLES  
MELTED!

NEVER MIND THE CAKE! DID  
YUH BUY MARBEL A  
BIRTHDAY PRESENT?

..... BUT MARBEL  
HASN'T  
OPENED IT  
YET!



I SURE DID! I  
BUT HER  
SOMETHING  
VERY VALUABLE,  
MATCHED  
PEARLS...

YUH? YUH  
BUT MARBEL  
MATCHED  
PEARLS  
BUT SHE  
HASN'T  
OPENED  
IT YET? I  
WHY  
NOT?



BECKE IT TAKES A LONG  
TIME TUN OPEN UP  
THREE HUNDRED  
PETERS!

NOW THAT YUH'VE ASKED ALL YORE  
QUESTIONS, HYARS WHAT YUH GET FER  
BEING SO NOOBY.... A PUNCH IN THE NOSE!  
NEXT TIME YUH'LL KNOW BETTER!

UGH!



Captain

and

# THE MAN WHO OWNED ALL THE WHEELS



IT MEANS THE MR. JOSHUA DECIDES TO LEAVE CIVILIZATION BEHIND HIM FOREVER!

I'LL TAKE ONLY A FEW VALUABLES WITH ME! I'LL BE HAPPY WITH NOTHING, LIVING CLOSE TO NATURE... HMMM! WHAT'S THIS?



THIS OLD TRUNK BELONGED TO MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER! HE USED TO COLLECT OLD THINGS! MAYBE THIS PARCHMENT IS WORTH SOMETHING!



LATER.... THIS IS AN AMAZING DOCUMENT! IT PROVES BEYOND ANY DOUBT THAT ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS INVENTED THE WHEEL!

OH, IS THAT ALL? I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT!



THE WHEEL IS THE MOST IMPORTANT INVENTION OF ALL TIME! PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING WE KNOW USES THE WHEEL IN SOME FORM OR ANOTHER! WITHOUT IT, OUR WHOLE WAY OF LIFE WOULD CHANGE OVERNIGHT!

HMMM! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



SOON....



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF BILLY BATSON, BOY BROADCASTER OF STATION WHIZ....

HOY HOY! JOSHUA DWIN'S CLAIM WILL BE DECIDED TODAY!



I WONDER WHAT THE JUDGES WILL DECIDE? THEY CAN'T GIVE ONE MAN SO MUCH POWER, --- OR CAN THEY?









WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL RETURNS...



"THIS IS YOUR  
ROUND, CAPTAIN MARVEL!  
BUT YOU CAN'T DO  
THE WORK FOR AN  
ENTIRE CIVILIZATION!

"YOU'RE  
RIGHT!"

PERHAPS YOU DON'T REALIZE  
THE DAMAGE YOU'LL CAUSE BY  
REFUSING PEOPLE THE RIGHT  
TO USE WHEELS! LET ME  
SHOW YOU!

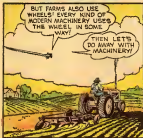


"BAH! IT WON'T  
DO ANY GOOD!"

GREAT CITIES LIKE THESE  
WON'T BE ABLE TO EXIST!



"HUH?! BEST  
THING THAT COULD  
HAPPEN! LET  
EVERYBODY GO  
BACK TO THE FARM!



BUT FARMS ALSO USE  
WHEELS! EVERY KIND OF  
MODERN MACHINERY USES  
THE WHEEL IN SOME  
WAY!

THEN LET'S  
DO AWAY WITH  
MACHINERY!



MAN WAS MUCH HAPPIER  
WHEN HE DIDN'T HAVE  
MACHINES! WE SHOULD  
ALL GO BACK TO NATURE!  
AFTER ALL, NOBODY  
STARVED IN THE GOOD  
OLD DAYS!

OF COURSE,  
NOT! I'LL  
SHOW YOU WHY!

ALMOST AS SWIFT AS THOUGHT, CAPTAIN  
TRAVELS UNTIL—

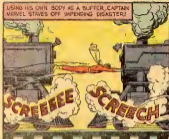


"I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO  
PEOPLE WHO ARE STILL  
LIVING AS THEY DID  
IN AN EARLIER ERA!



AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN!  
THEIR HABITS HAVEN'T  
CHANGED SINCE THE YEAR  
5000 B.C.!









## QUIZ

1. **LEWENHUCK** DISCOVERED THE MICROSCOPE.

True  False



2. **ROBERT HOOVER** WAS THE ONLY PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE FROM WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS WHO HAS EVER BEEN ELECTED.

TRUE  FALSE

3. **YOU GIVE A PRISONER A PAROLE.**

TRUE  FALSE



4. **LET'S SEE HOW BRIGHT YOU ARE! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 3 CORRECT, EXCELLENT; 4, VERY GOOD; 5, GOOD; 2, FAIR; 1, POOR.**

5. **ICE IS PRODUCED BY HEAT FROM THE SUN.**

True  False



6. **URING THE CIVIL WAR THE CONFEDERATE FLAG WAS CALLED THE RAISE PENNANT.**

TRUE  FALSE

LEAVE ANY ERRORS AND GETTING SOME OF THE BEST OF YOURS TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CAPTAIN MARVEL" MAGAZINE.

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Contains a patented compound which makes it glow in the dark like an eerie Tiger's eye.

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FOR ONLY  
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SHREDDED RALSTON  
BOX TOP**

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